FVNERAL TEARES.

For the death of the Right Honorable the Earle of Deuonshire.

FIGVRED

In seauen songes, whereof sixe are so set forth that the wordes may be exprest by a treble voice alone to the Lute and Base Viole, or else that the meane part may bee added, if any shall affect more fulnesse of parts.

THE SEAVENTH

Is made in forme of a Dialogue, and cannot be sung without two voyces.

Inuented by IOHN COPRARIO. *Pius piè.*

AT LONDON
Printed by *Iohn Windet* the Assigne of *William Barley*, for *Iohn Browne*, and are to be sold at his shop in S. Dunstons Churchyeard in Fleet street. 1606.

Vno Sol Mountioie tuus contentus ocello est,
Cuncta tamen cernit, nihil est oculatius illo.
Omnia qui vt videat magnus quæ continet orbis,
Cernere te potuit toto nil pulcbrius orbe.

Iam tuus ab periit pulcher Sol, dulcis ocellus
Penelope, periit nec tamen ille tibi.
Qui Mortalis inexplendo te amplexus amore est,
Quid ni Cœlestis te quoque factus amet?

To the Ayre

EVn to thy ſweetneſſe pure benigne, kind Ayre
That firſt embrac't theſe teares, theſe I preſent.
Know them, though now tranſform'd from Chriſtall faire
Th' appeare to thee in Muſicall ornament:
Free paſſage to melodious pearcing ſounds
Thine open boſome yeelds: greeſe owes to thee
Her groanes, and ſighes: through thy ſwift-healed wounds
Her ſhrikes are ſhot, and thine her clamours be.
Receiue then chearefull Ayre theſe ſad laments,
Though thou art but one Element, and ſhe
That owes them, of all foure the quinteſſence,
The Starre of honor, and the ſphere of beautie.
Goe, heare her ſing theſe farewels, thou wilt weepe,
And moueleſſe euer in thy regions ſleepe.

Sing Lady, ſing thy Deu'nſhires funerals,
And charme the Ayre with thy delightfull voyce,
Let lighter ſpirits grace their Madrigals,
Sorrow doth in the ſaddeſt notes reioyce.
Faireſt of Ladies ſince theſe Songs are thine,
Now make them as thou art thy ſelfe, deuine.

The deuoted ſeruant of
true nobleneſſe.

Iohn Coprario.

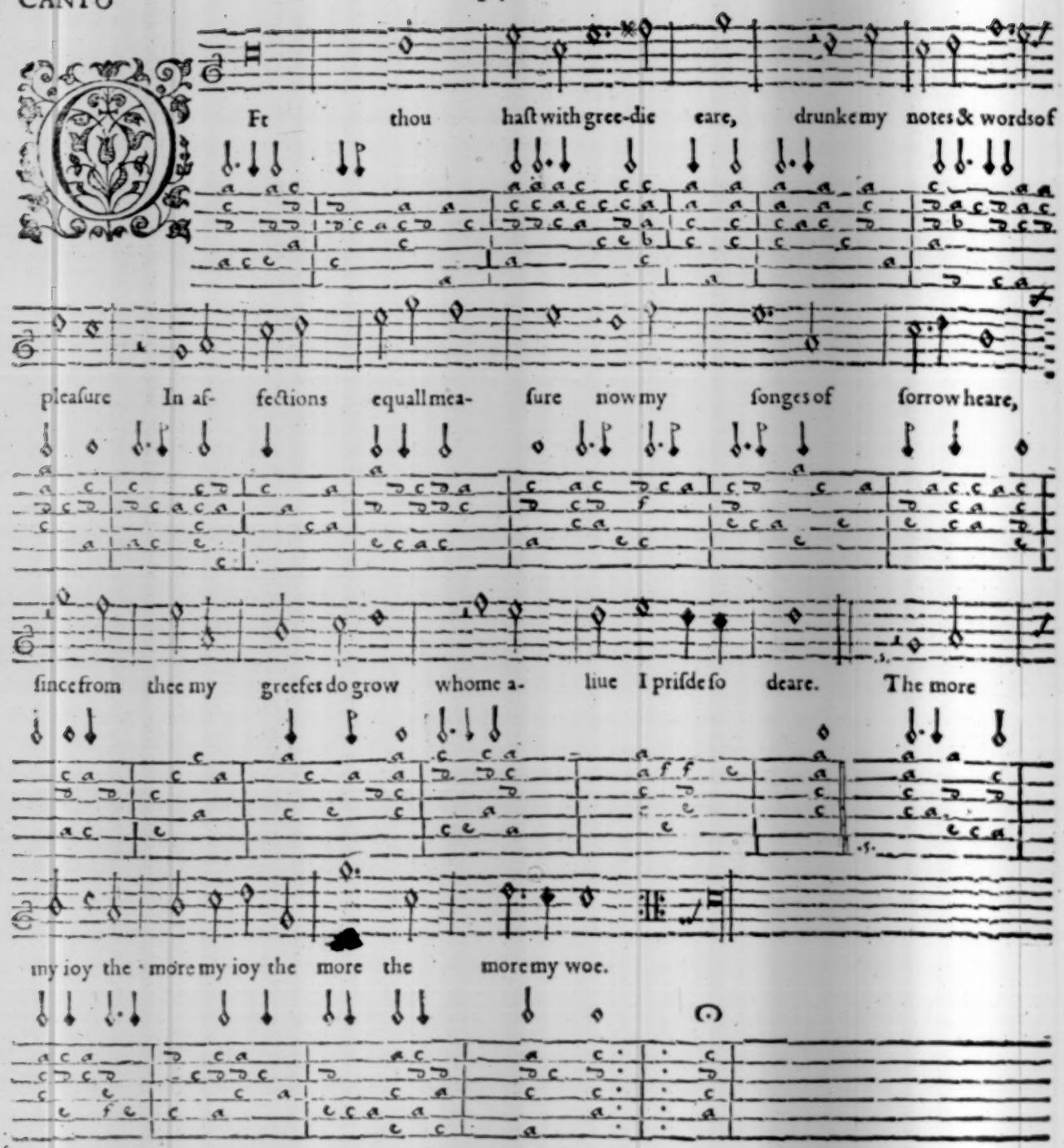
In honorable memory of the Right noble the Earle of Deuonshire *late deceased.*

NOe sooner had the Fates pale Minister
At th' high commaund of sterne Necessitie
Seazd the terrestriall part of Deuonshire,
And rendred his free Soule t' Eternitie:
But loe th' imperfect broode of fruitfull Fame
(That swarming thicke as atomes buze in th' ayre)
Light winged Rumours in right of their Dame
Claimed great Mountioyes name, with swift repaire
Heauing it vp to Fames high Consistorie,
Where she with doome impartiall registers
All nauest' Eternall fame or infamie,
And in her finall iudgement neuer errs.
You sacred seede of Mnemosine pardon me
If in this sudaine rapture I reueale
Mistries which only rauisht spirights can see,
And enuious time did till this houre conceale.
In Christal chaire when starre-like shining Fame
Her state had plac't, strait with confused noyse
The thronging miscreates brought in Deuonshires name,
Some figuring lamentations, others ioyes:
Some wept, some sobd, some howld, some laught, some smild,
And as their passions strange and different were,
So were their shapes, such heapes were neuer pil'd
Of Monstrous heades as now consorted here.
For some like Apes peere out, like foxes some,
Many like Asses, Wolues, and Oxen seem'd,
Like hissing Serpents, and fell Hydras some,
Rhinoceroes some by their arm'd snowtes I deem'd,
Others like Crocodiles hang their slie heads downe:
But infinite of humane forme appeare
Whose simple lookes were voide of smile or frowne,
Yet somewhat sad they shewd like skies vncleare:
In this confusion the great Registresse
Commaunding silence seu'rallie gaue leaue
To all reportes, and with milde soberneſſe
Both partiall, and impartiall did receiue.
First as accusers spake the busie Ape,
The enuious bould Wolfe, and the spitefull snake,
And diuers in the braying Asses shape,
But all their malice did one period make.
Deuonshire did loue loue was his errour made,
That only gainst his vertues was oppos'd,
As if for that his honoured name should fade,
Whose brest both vertue, and true loue enclos'd.

But

But now rise high my spright, while I vnfould
What th' humane speakers in defence replyed:
To latter ages let this tale be told
Which is by fame for euer verified.
Did Mountioy loue? and did not Hercules
Feele beauties flame, and couch him vnderneath
The winges of Cupia? or did ere the lesse
His sacred browes deserue a victours wreath?
Did not he free the trembling world from feare,
And dire confusion? who else could subdue
Monsters that innocents did spoyle, and teare,
Or Saturnes auncient goulden peace renue?
Did Mountioy loue? and did not Mountioyes sword
When he marcht arm'd with pallace dreadfull helme
The rough vnquiet Irish rebels curbe?
And the inuading Spaniard ouerwhelme?
Lou'd he? and did not he nathlesse assist
Great Brittaines counsils, and in secret cells
The Muses visite? and alone vnwist
The riddles of deepe Philosophick spels?
Did Deu'nshire loue? and lou'd not Deu'nshire so
As if all beautie had for him beene fram'd?
For beautie more adorn'd no age shall know
Then hers whom he his owne for euer nam'd.
Let then base enuie breake, fond rumour sleepe,
Blacke malice turne to doue-white charitie,
Let Deu'nshire triumph, and his honor keepe
Immune, and cleare from darke mortalitie.
This spoken, Fame charg'd Zepherus to sound
His goulden trumpet, after whose smooth blast
These words she made from earth to heau'n rebound,
Braue Mountioyes glory shall for euer last.
Then forth was brought a boss't booke destined
For Kings, and Heroes, where with liquid gould
Deceased Deu'nshires name she registred
In charmed letters that can nere grow old.

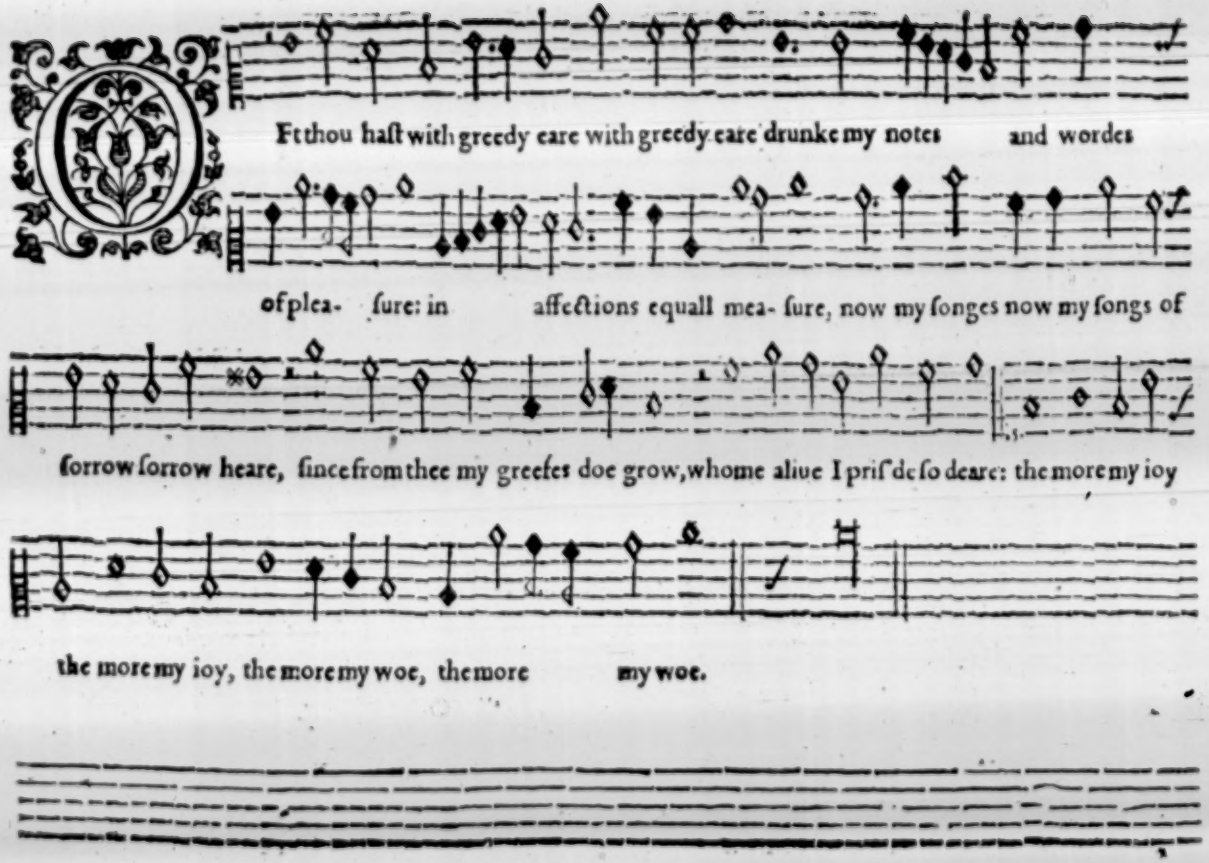
Omnia vincit Amor, & nos cedamus Amori,
Scripsit; cuius erant nescia scripta mori.
Annuit huic fortis Mountioius, victus Amori
Cessit; cuius erunt nescia facta mori.

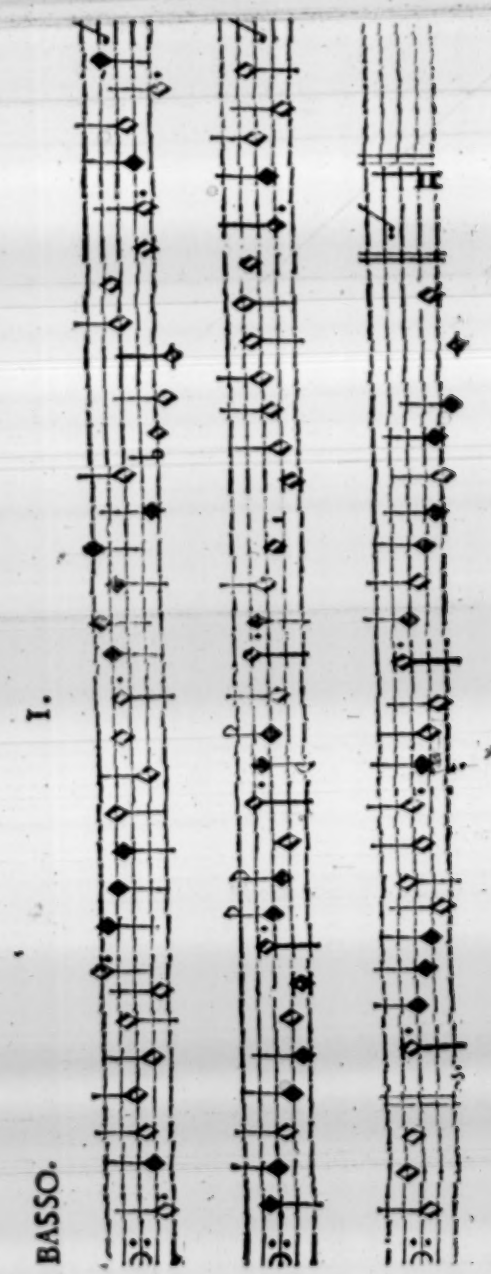


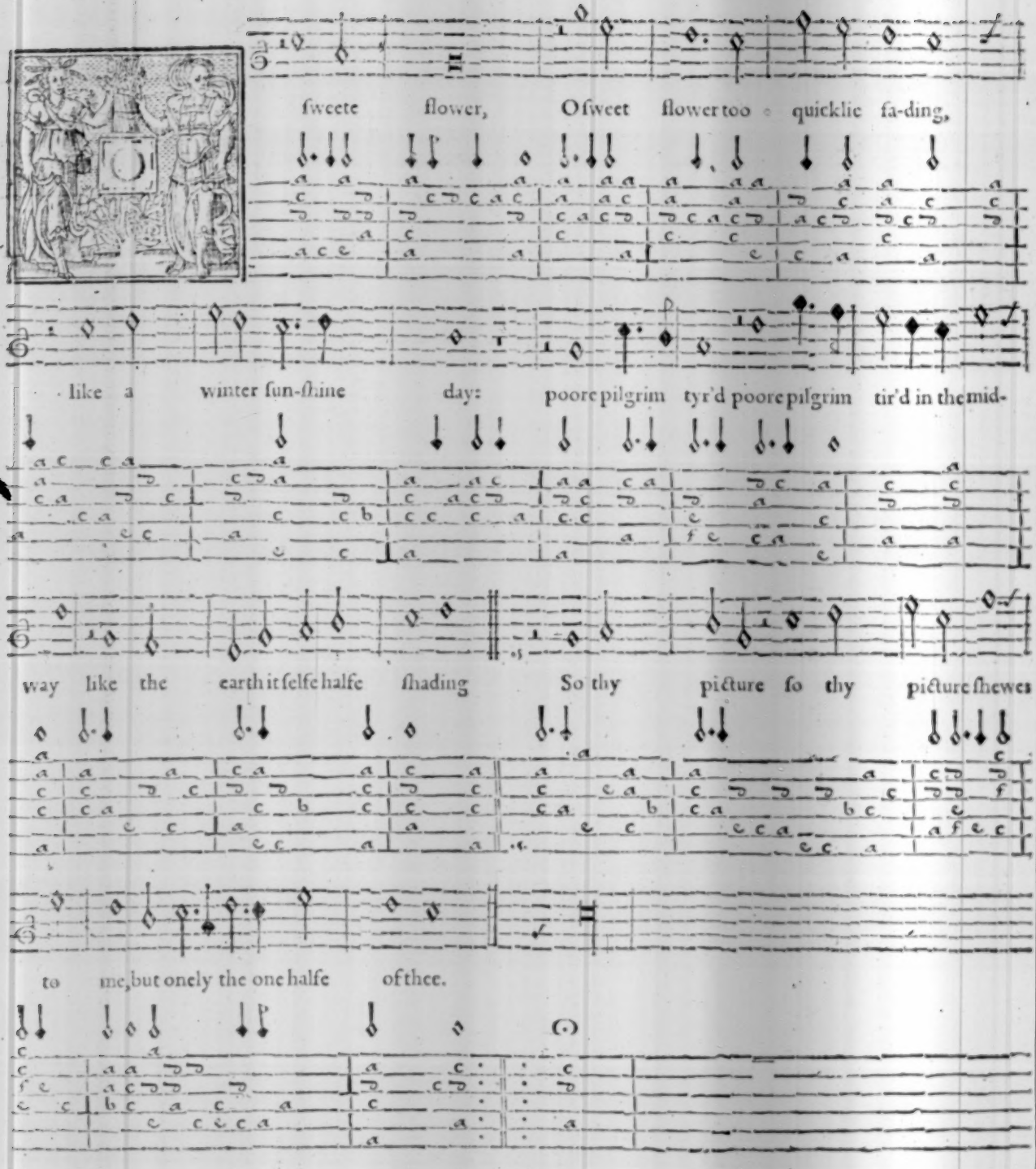
Oft thou haſt with greedy eare,
Drunke my notes and wordes of pleaſure;
In affections equall meaſure,
Now my ſongs of ſorrow heare.
Since from thee my griefes doe grow
Whome aliue I priſ'd ſo deare:
The more my ioy, the more my woe.

2 Muſicke though it ſweetens paine
Yet no whit empaires lamenting:
But in paſſions like conſenting
Makes them conſtant that complaine:
And enchantes their fancies ſo,
That all comforts they diſdaine,
And flie from ioy to dwell with woe.

ALTO I.


If thou haſt with greedy eare with greedy eare drunke my notes and wordes
of plea- ſure: in affections equall mea- ſure, now my ſonges now my ſongs of
ſorrow ſorrow heare, ſince from thee my greefes doe grow, whome alive I priſde ſo deare: the more my ioy
the more my ioy, the more my woe, the more my woe.


I.
BASSO.

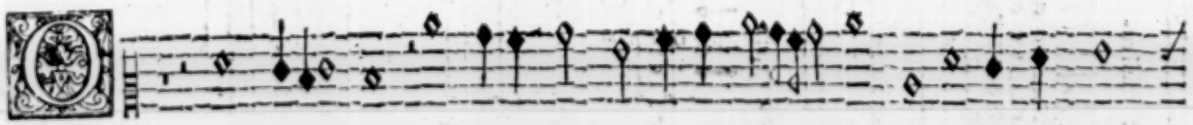


O ſweete flower too quicklie fading,
Like a Winter ſunſhine day:
Poore pilgrim tir'd in the midway,
Like the Earth it ſelfe halfe ſhading.
So thy picture ſhewes to mee,
But onely the one halfe of thee.

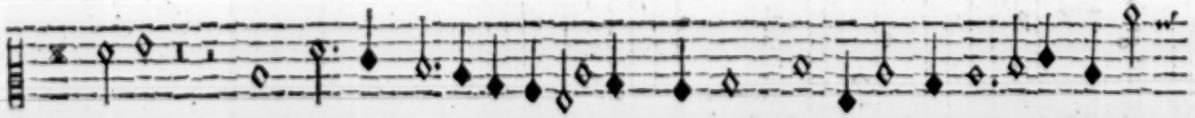
O deare Ioy too ſwiftly flying
From thy loues enchanted eyes:
Proud glorie ſpread through the vaſt skies,
Earth of more then earth enuying.
O how wondrous hadſt thou been,
Had but the world thy whole life ſeene.

ALTO

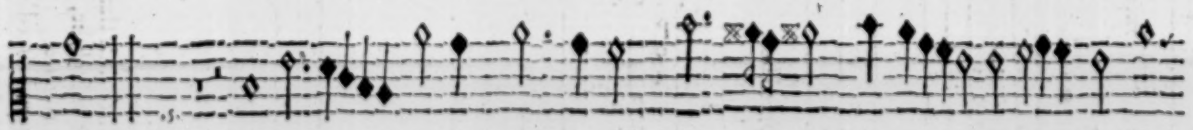
II.



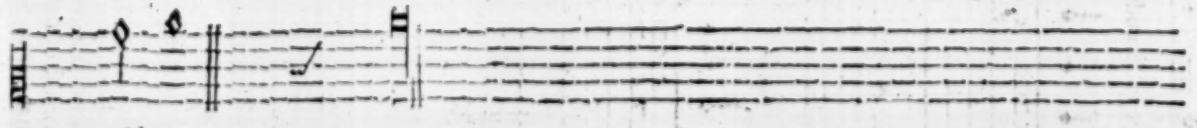
Sweete flower, O ſweete flower too quickly fa - ding, like a Winter Sunne-



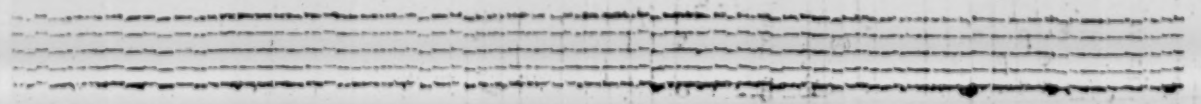
ſhine day, poore Pilgrime tyr'de in the midde waye like the earth it ſelf, it ſelfe, half ſha-

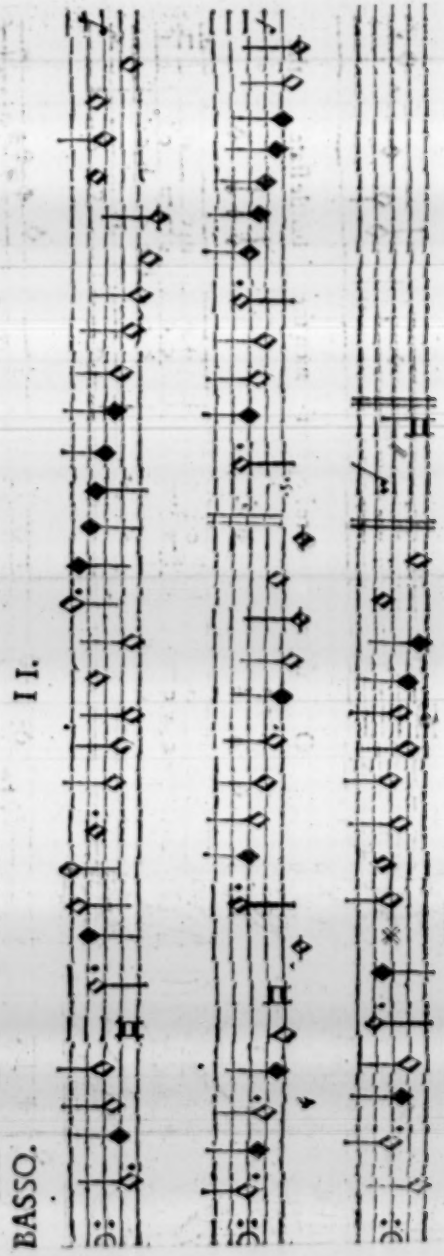


ding- So thy picture ſhewes to mee onelie the one halfe



of thee.





II.

BASSO.

O th'un- ſure hopes of men the brittle ſtate the

vaine contētiõs that vnlucki- lie oft in midſt of the race oft in midſt of the race fall ru- inate.

And in their courſe long ouer- whelmed bee, and ſwal- low'd vp, ere they the

port could ſee.

O th'unſure hopes of men! the brittle ſtate!
The vaine contentions that vnluckilie,
Oft in midſt of the race fall ruinate,
And in their courſe long ouerwhelmed be,
And ſwallow'd vp ere they the port could ſee.

2 O womens fruitleſſe loue! vnquiet ſtate!
Too deare affections, that deſpightfully,
Ev'n in their height of bliſſe proue deſolate!
And often fall farre from all hope of ioy.
Ere they haue time to dreame on their annoy.

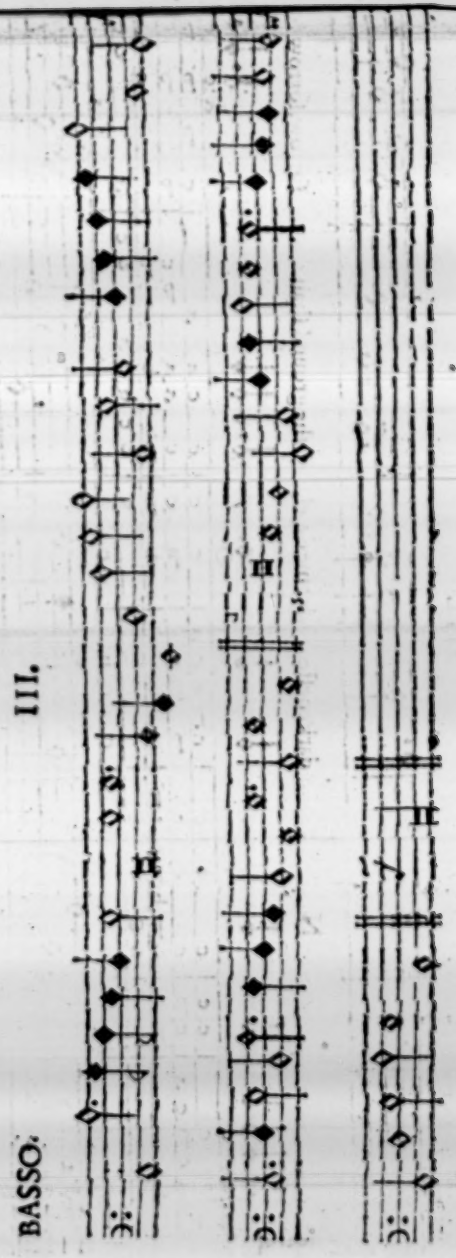
ALTO III.

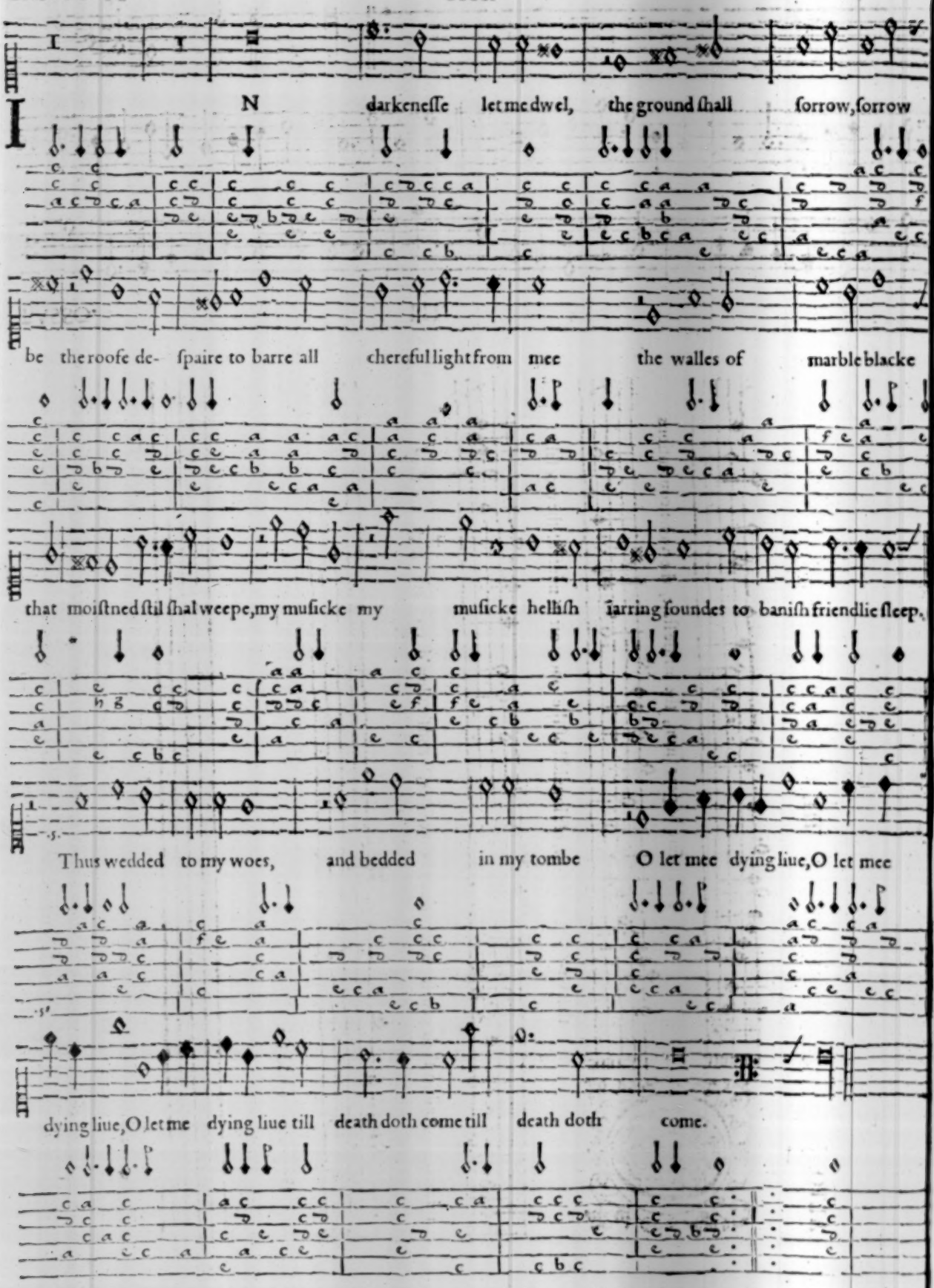
O Th'unsure hopes of men, the brittle state, the vaine contentions

that vn- lucki-lie, oft in midst of the race, oft in midst of the race fall

ruinate. And in their course long ouerwhelmed bee, and swallow'd vp ere they, ere they

the porte could see.

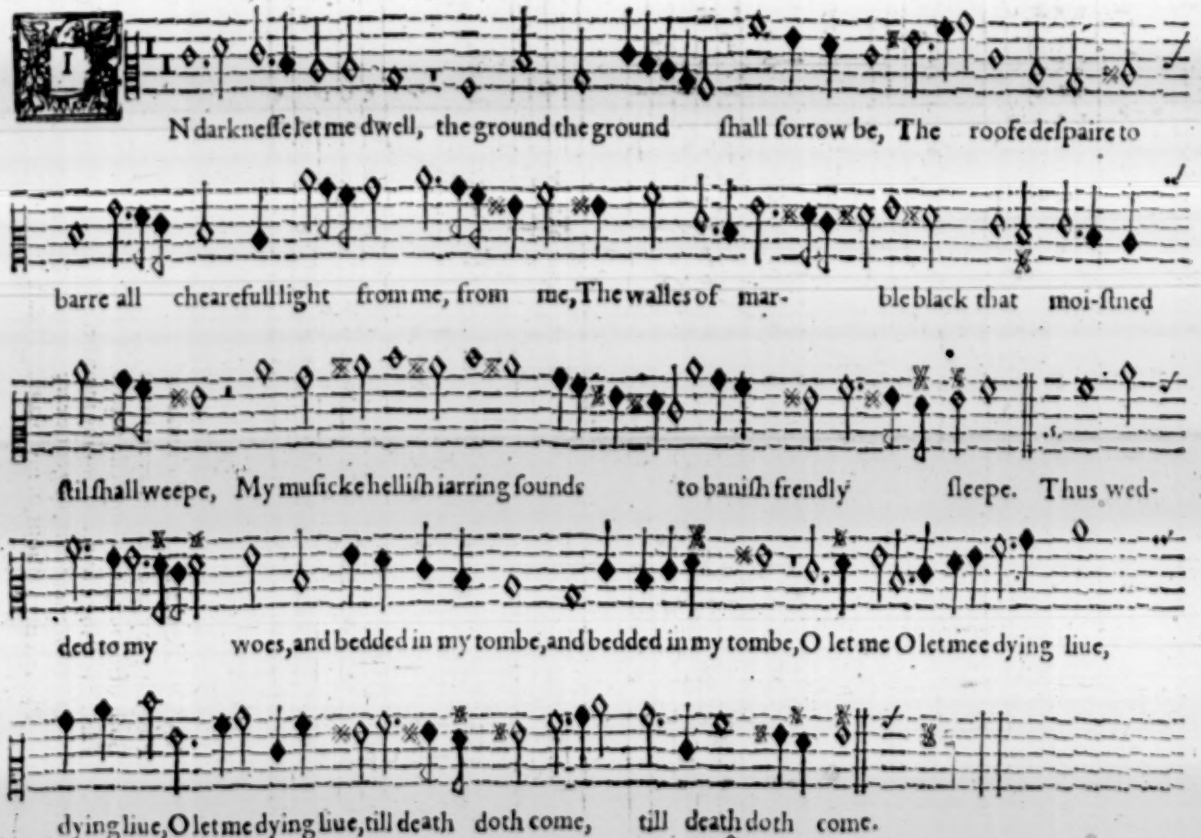


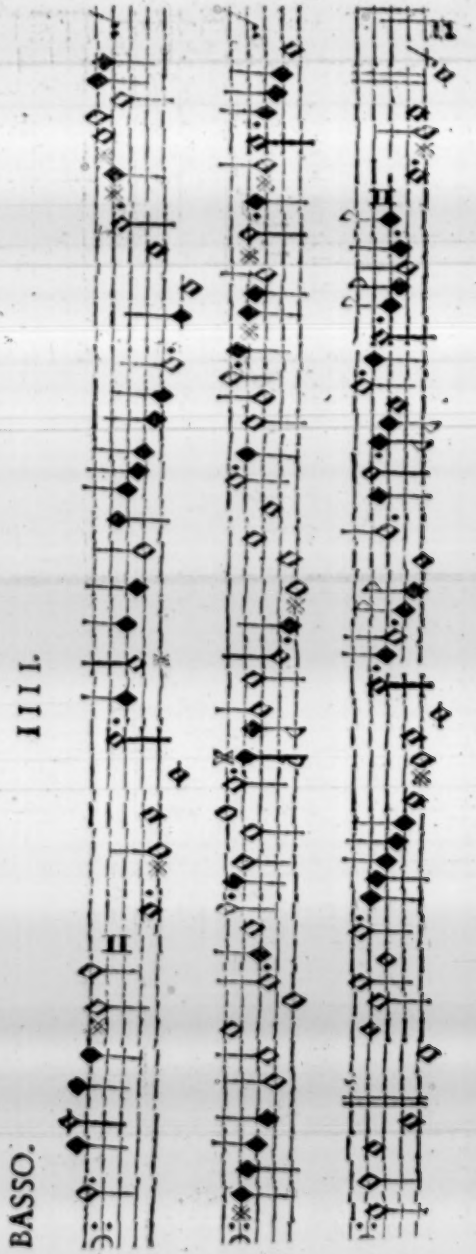


In darkneſſe let me dwell, the ground ſhall ſorrow be,
The roofe deſpaire to barre all chearefull light from me,
The walles of marble black that moiſtned ſtil ſhall weepe,
My muſicke helliſh iarring ſounds to baniſh frendly ſleepe.
Thus wedded to my woes, and bedded in my tombe,
O let me dying liue till death doth come.

My dainties griefe ſhall be, and teares my poiſned wine,
My ſighes the aire, throgh which my panting hart ſhall pine
My robes my mind ſhall ſute exceeding blackeſt night,
My ſtudy ſhall be tragicke thoughtes ſad fancy to delight.
Pale Ghoſts and frightful ſhades ſhal my acquaintance be
O thus my haples ioy I haſte to thee.

ALTO IIII.

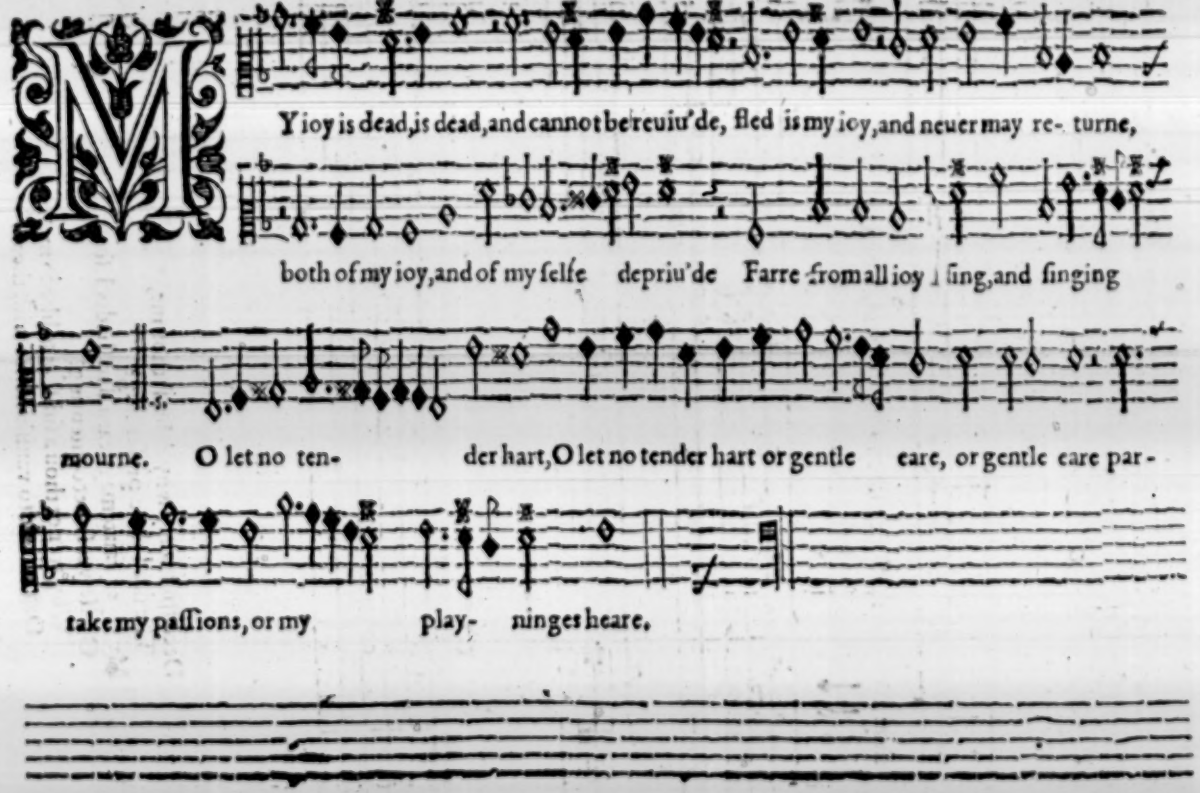

IN darkneſſe let me dwell, the ground the ground ſhall ſorrow be, The roofe deſpaire to
barre all chearefull light from me, from me, The walles of mar- ble black that moi-ſtned
ſtil ſhall weepe, My muſicke helliſh iarring ſounds to baniſh frendly ſleepe. Thus wed-
ded to my woes, and bedded in my tombe, and bedded in my tombe, O let me O let mee dying liue,
dying liue, O let me dying liue, till death doth come, till death doth come.

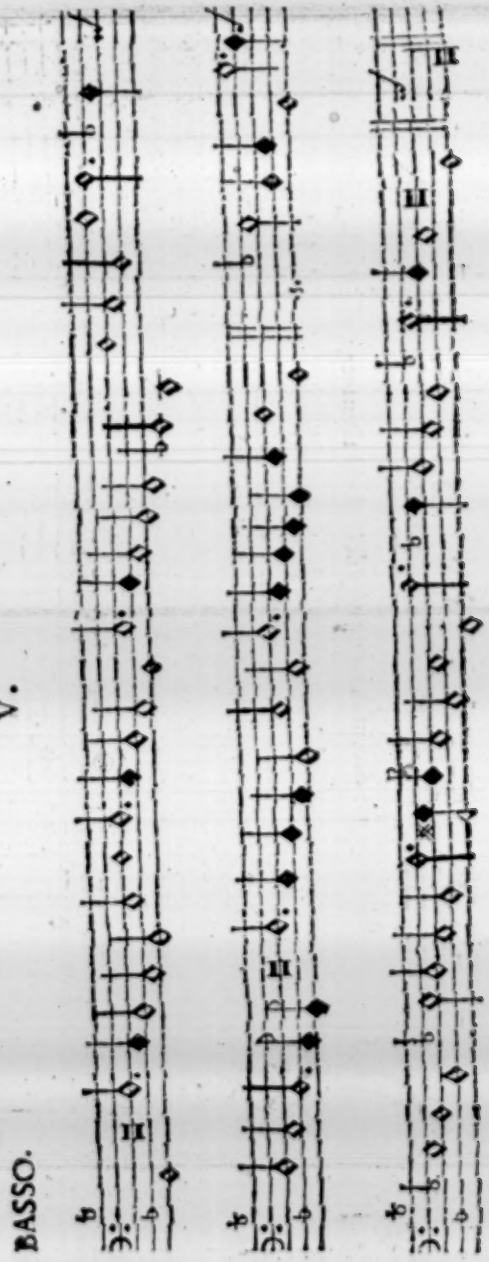

IIII.
BASSO.

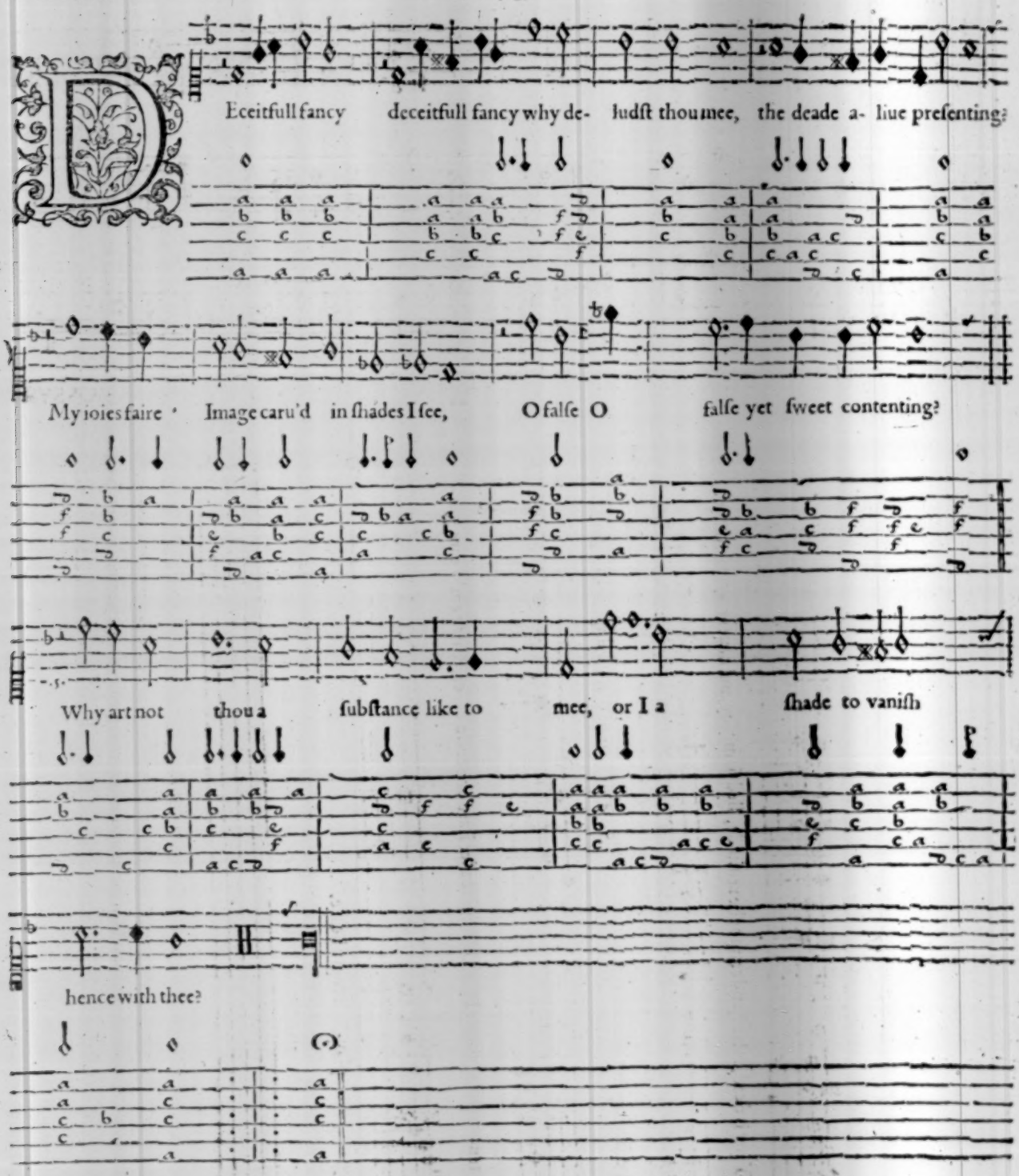
My ioy is dead and cannot be reuiu'de,
Fled is my ioy, and neuer may returne:
Both of my ioy, and of my selfe depriu'de
Far from all ioy I sing, and singing mourne.
O let no tender hart, or gentle eare
Partake my passions, or my plainings heare.

2 Rude flintie breastes that neuer felt remorse,
Hard craggy rocks that death and ruine loue,
Those onely those my passions shall enforce,
Beyond their kind, and to compassion moue.
My griefe shall wonders worke, for he did so
That causde my sorrowes, and these teares doth owe

ALTO V.


My ioy is dead, is dead, and cannot be reuiu'de, fled is my ioy, and neuer may re- turne,
both of my ioy, and of my selfe depriu'de Farre from all ioy I sing, and singing
mourne. O let no ten- der hart, O let no tender hart or gentle eare, or gentle eare par-
take my passions, or my play- ninges heare.


V.
BASSO.

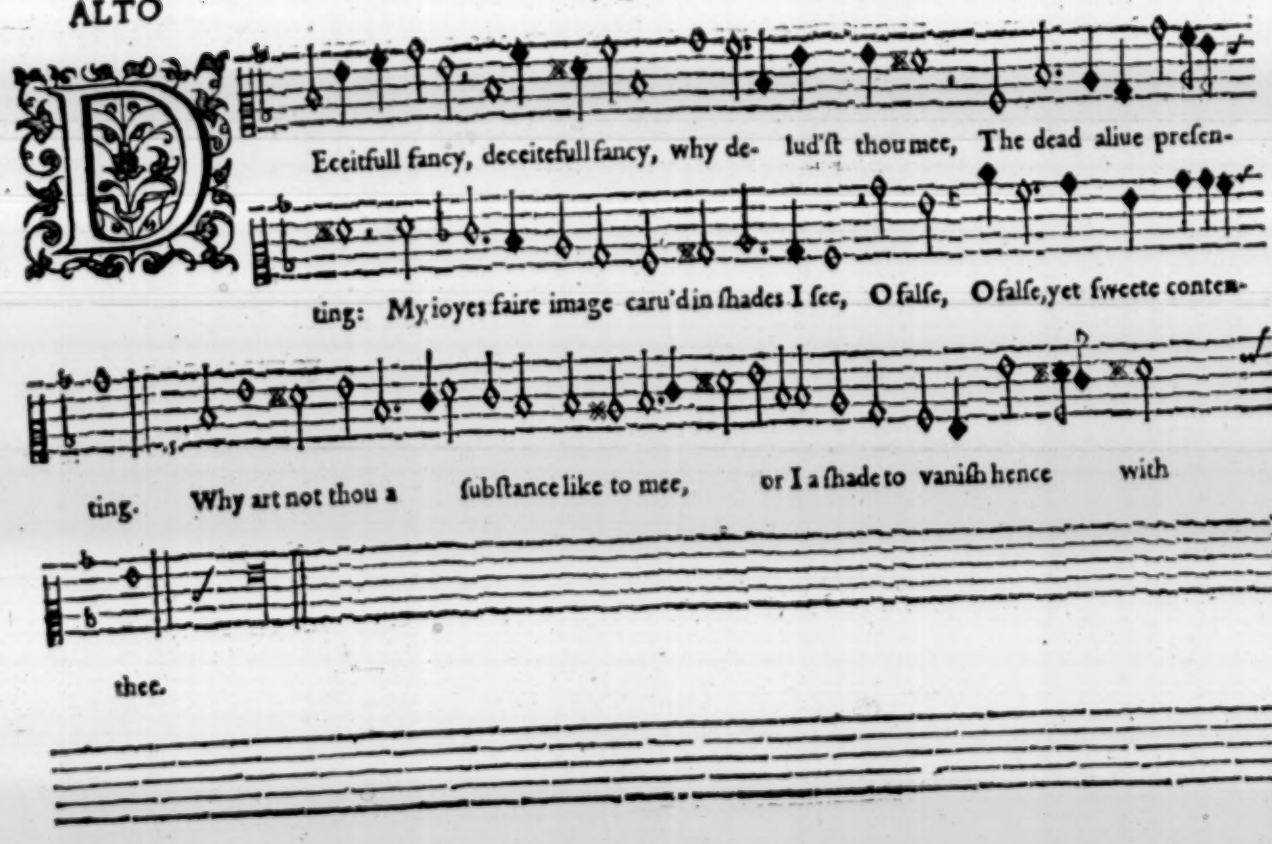


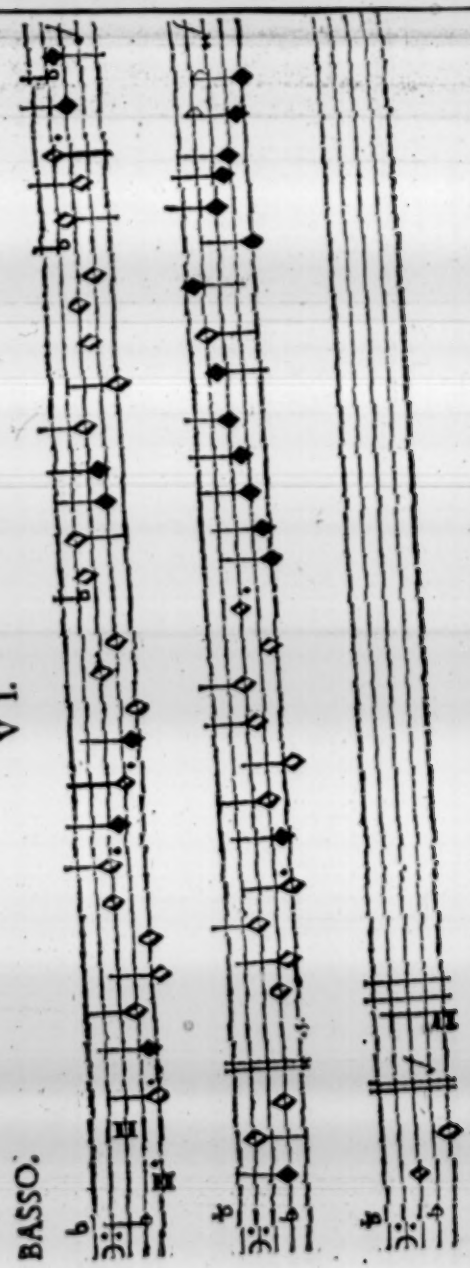
Deceitfull fancy why deludst thou me,
The dead a liue presenting?
My ioyes faire image caru'd in shades I see,
O false! yet sweet contenting?
Why art not thou a substance like to me?
Or I a shade to vanish hence with thee?

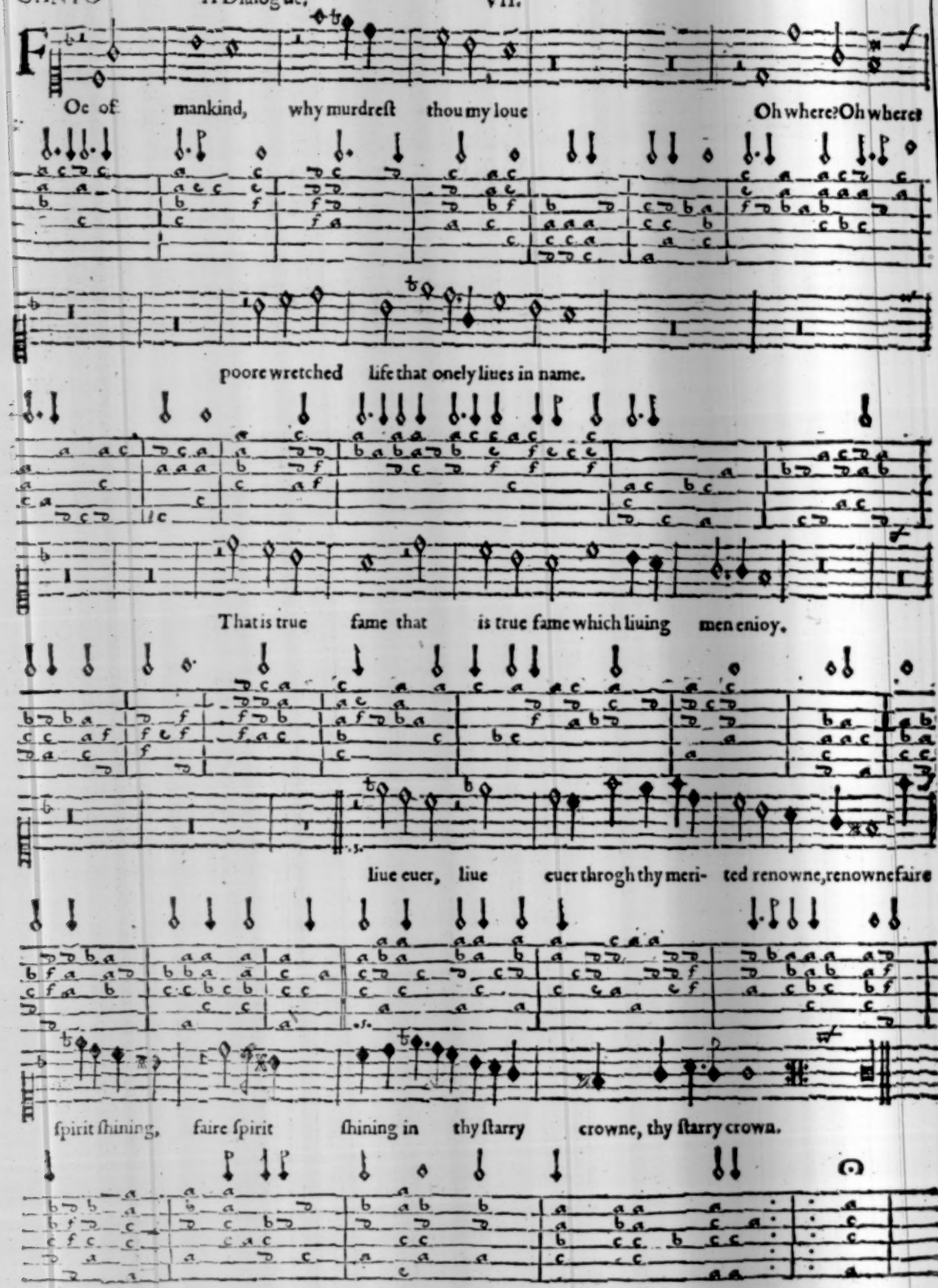
2 Stay gentle obiect, my sence still deceiue,
With this thy kind elusion:
I die throgh madnes if my thoughts you leaue
O strange? yet sweet confusion?
Poore blisseless hatte that feeles such deepe annoy,
Only to loose the shadowe of thy ioy.

ALTO

VI.

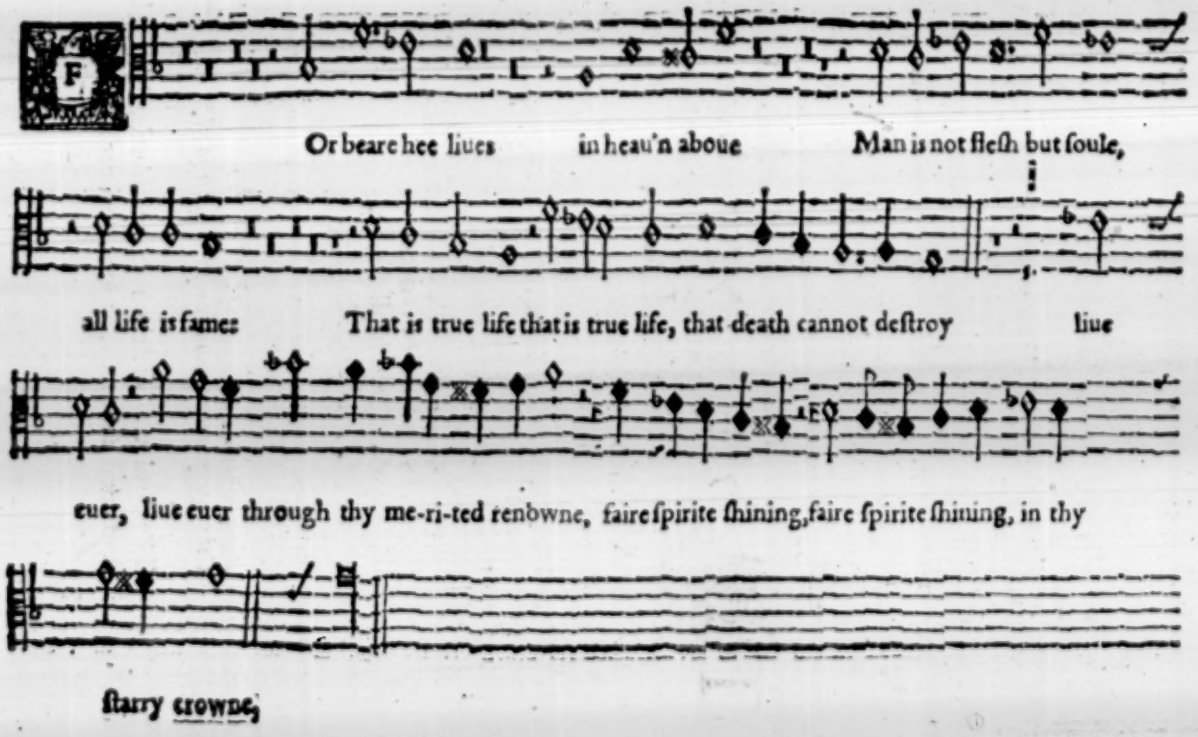

Deceitfull fancy, deceitefull fancy, why de- lud'ſt thou mee, The dead aliue preſen-
ting: My ioyes faire image caru'd in ſhades I ſee, O falſe, O falſe, yet ſweete conten-
ting. Why art not thou a ſubſtance like to mee, or I a ſhade to vaniſh hence with
thee.


VI.
BASSO.

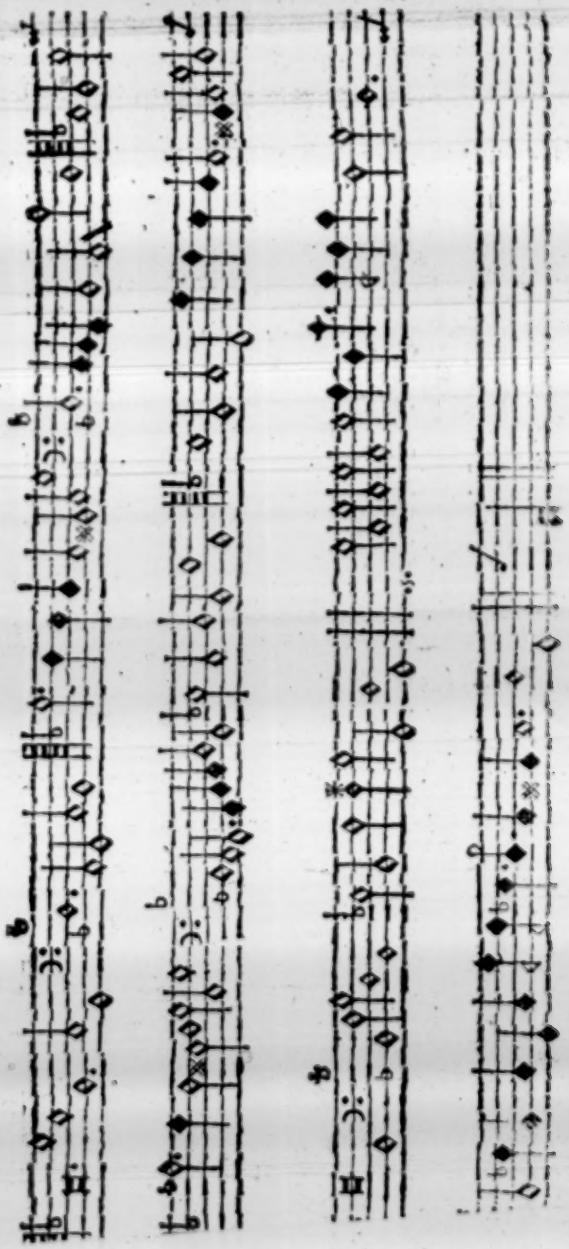


Canto. Foe of mankind why murdereſt thou my loue?
Alto. Forbeare he liues.
C. Oh where?
A. In heauen aboue.
C. Poore wretched life that onely liues in name.
A. Man is not fleſh, but ſoule, all life is fame:
C. That is true fame which liuing men enioy.
A. That is true life, which death cannot deſtroy.
Chorus. Liue euer through thy merited renowne.
Faire ſpirit ſhining in thy ſtarry crowne.

ALTO VII.



VII. BASSO.



*TIs true, that whom the Italian * Spider ſtinges*
He ſings, or laughs, or daunces till he dies,
Or ſpends his ſhort time in ſuch idle things
As the ſeuerer ſort call vanities:
Muſicke alone this furycan releaſe,
This venomous rancour that the fleſh doth eate
Like enuie which in death doth ſeldome ceaſe
To feede vpon the honours of the great.
Well haue we toyld in proſperous harmonie
If we the enuy-poyſned wounds doe cure
Of ſpiteſull adder-toongd hypocriſie
That ſpeakes waſht words, but works darke deeds impure.
If ſuch proue paſt recure, ſuffice it then
We ſong not to brute beaſts, but humane men.

* Tarantula

A Table of the Songs contained in this Booke.

1. Oft thou haſt
2. O ſweete flower.
3. O the vnſure hopes.
4. In darkeneſſe let me dwell.
5. My ioy is dead.
6. Deceitfull fancie.
7. Foe of Mankind.

Quid mortuos mordes canis? nihil retro
Cernis, neque vides mantica quod in tergo eſt.

The dead why bit'ſt thou dogge? th'art backward blinde,
And doeſt not ſee the bagge thou bear'ſt behind.

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